

THE WORDS GOING AROUND...

I enjoyed it, but I wouldn't read it to my mom!

--Sharon Deane, *Kingfisher Books*

I don't like dirty books.

--Francois Rabelais

A howl, absolutely a scream.

--Torquemada

I almost wet myself!

-- John the Baptist

The only fault I have to find with this book is that the covers
are too far apart.

--Ambrose Bierce

Once you put this book down, it's almost impossible to pick it
up again.

--Dr. Samuel Johnson

Lurking somewhere perhaps in some subterranean passages of
this Holy English Language of ours there may be verse more
magical than Kellum's but...I've yet to see or hear it.

--Prof. Dewey Needham

A FOOL'S WELCOME

My Lords and Ladies!

'tis the season of the Fool.

*Though the seasoned well know the fool,
the well-seasoned fool knows no season.*

*By name, Footnote; by acclaim the Quotable,
Footnote the Ineffable; Footnote princeps
stultorum, the prince of fools;
Footnote stupor mundi, the wonder of the World.
Footnote lives, alack and alas, alone -
for a lack of a lass alone, at Wit's End,
just 'round the bend from the rest of the Whirled.*

*Footnote is the penniless old fool your mother
wisely fled.
Footnote is a poet with a pocketsful of verses
- penny merriments and penny dreadfuls,
that took your far greater grandmother to bed.*

*'Tis the part of the Wise to answer the Question;
'tis the part of the Fool to question the Answer...
So this fool shall do very nicely -*

Instance:

Answer – A fool with neither King nor Court.

*Question – Who then is the irrepressible Footnote
if not...nobody's fool!*

NOTHING PERSONAL, BUT...

VERSES COMIC AND CAUSTIC

DAVID F. KELLUM

The secret thoughts of a man run
over all things, holy, profane, clean,
obscene, grave and light, without
shame or blame.

-TOM HOBBS, Leviathan, Part I, Chap. VIII

INTEGRITY

Prune thou thy thoughts
And mince thy words,
And thy soul shall be bought
For the price of turds.
(Move over John Henry Cardinal Newman)

Our mischief lies
In raising a Stink
With the very thoughts
You'd prefer *not* to think.
Warning: Subject Matter!

So much of what we think we know
Doesn't happen to be so.
Absolute Truth

FROM DICK AND JANE TO THE GOOD STUFF

From the onset of literacy
 My constant companions
Have been Giovanni Boccaccio
 And Francois Rabelais...
Alas! for *me*
 Prudishness never became an option.

Oft times it's out of the mouths
 Of crotchety old farts like Grumps
Comes the closest thing to Truth
 You're ever gonna' hear!
Relatively Speaking

The toughest nut you'll ever crack
 Is only as tough as his scrotal sack.
Martial Art

The name of the “Adder”
 We're somewhat non-plussed with;
Of truth there's not even a fraction -
For the function of the Adder,
 Whenever he's fussed with,
Most clearly resembles subtraction.
(If the reader will grant us a modest aside:
Adders multiply too, but cannot divide.)
My Very Bestiary, “Adder”

WHERE ARE YOU NOW, CHARLIE CHAPLIN?

Call me “old-fashioned”,
 But there are few things in Life
I enjoy more than giving the snoot salute
 Behind people's backs...especially
Teachers, cops and transoceanic persons.

Declared Protagoras, quite unabashed,
 That its wing was smashed
Was the reason it crashed
 Is just a matter of a pinion.
The Sophist

SLOW START (Genesis 2)

When God recalled Eve for repairs
She was fixed with angelic glares
And as they sought to deride her,
Taunting “Pooh! what's inside her?”
Muttered God in His Maleness, “Who cares!”

NO CHILD LEFT BEHIND

In the New Democratic Progressive classroom,
We do *not* bore our children
With history or geography,
But rather *relate* to them meaningfully
In “social studies” where they can experience
Their own success as they locate Poland
In South Africa, and Guatemala
Somewhere in the Indian Ocean.

NO ADULT LEFT BEHIND

In the New Democratic Progressive society,
Almost anything *substandard* is worn as a badge.

I'm not much into religion
Or other such confections,
And when I've flushed the g----m toilet
I *dislike* resurrections!

Incongruities

Since Confederation in days gone by
There has been constant speculation
As to whether Nova Scotia or P.E.I.
Has the denser population.

Maritimes

Petunia seeks a pantiful.
Petunia craves a member.
(Petunia grows too fanciful
Toward others of her gender.)

*New Woman's Guide to
Clitoral Enhancement*

For most of us, Life is setting the Table
For a meal that will never be served.
In fact, our great *thinkers*
Don't even get past the Menu!
Rire Et Faire Rire!

School could hardly come at a *worse* time -
Learning must begin with a *question*;
Kids under thirty don't have any..
Totally!

A Canadian has recently discovered
The circulation of the blood.
While this is some time *after* Harvey,
The salient point here is that
Harvey was *not* a Canadian.
*Toward Greater
Canadian Content*

An education you can buy off the rack.
True learning is *custom-made*
And must be handcrafted...
Oh, and it takes about a lifetime
So you may want to quit school
And get started.

Eschew the Carrot

Asked if she liked Kipling,
The first-year Lit major
Modestly allowed she hadn't as yet kippled...
But restored her professor's confidence,
Adding that she *did* enjoy coupling.

Toward A Liberal Education

It's an angel, not a demon
That whispers with a smile,
"Remember *your* immortality
Only lasts a little while."

Intimations of Mortality

Wonderment begets Belief,
Reason is an atheist.

Reflection Upon Eden

TOWER OF BABEL (Genesis II)

Said God to Himself, “Well, by Jupiter”,
There's no point in teaching them Euclid'r
Further bewilderin'
My confounded children--
Geometry just makes them *stupider!*”

ASK ANY HOCKEY PLAYER

Among favourite spasms
We welcome orgasms.
And homemade pies
Are especially nize.
But whatever we say
At the end of the day,
There's no sensation
Like *retaliation!*

“Claude Dukenfield!
You mustn't smite Seinfeld
Because he's wearing glasses!”
“I did not smite Seinfeld
Because he's wearing glasses...
I smote Seinfeld
Because he's an obnoxious p---k.”

Right Side Up

Don't look now but Mother Nature
Makes a much stronger case
For teenage pregnancy
Than our highly-paid world-beater
Educators are making for our kids'
Solving quadratic equations
Or learning a second language.

The Local School Bored

Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep
If I should die before I wake,
I guess I won't know the difference, will I!
Prayer Revised For The Advanced Child

Each and every human being
Has an inherent and inalienable *right*
To be a pain in his or her *own* ass -
And a corresponding *duty*
Not to be in anyone *else's*.

To Those Who Bear Their Placards

I have little sympathy for *activists*,
But I *do* feel sorry
For the poor bastards
That have to live with them!
When our little Marxist-socialist
Comes down for her *free* breakfast
That's the *least* grumpy she'll be all day!

*To Those Who Bear
The Placard Bearers*

Hints to Males Number 73:
Saying something importantly
Is no substitute
For saying something *important*.

Gender Issues

The Dolphin and Porpoise are so much the same
In the way that they play when they swim,
That intent on explaining the difference in name,
We referred the question to him;
“For all the difference, you're very close,
As is true of the Turtles and Tortoises,”
Why yes,” said the Dolphin,
“That's so, I suppose...
To all intents and Porpoises!”

Dolphin (Delphinus delphis)

What baffles me most
About the mysterious Middle East
Is how they can choose amongst themselves
Which ones *not* to shoot!
...but I suppose if I *knew* them better?

People of Discernment

With but one good solid vowel movement,
Brutish Columbians are seen to be *British*,
And in similar fashion --
Should it come down to passion,
The Scottish appear rather *skittish*.

Quipes!

EINBAHN STRASSE

I'm a great believer
In brisk, engaging conversation...
Which is why I spend long hours
Talking to *myself*.

The great beneficence of the *Anglican* communion
Was to have gathered under one Aspiration
So many of Christendom's most blatant narcissists
From which Station they might dazzle the Rest of Us
With their various pedigrees, countless humilities,
And Rolex watches.

*As Anglicans Angle For
This And Angle For That*

PREGNANT AT NINETY? (Genesis 17)

Though God's promise to Abraham shocked her
Sarah squealed, knowing God would not mock her,
“Get under the covers
And be quickest of lovers...
I'll be *dead* before Izzy's a doctor!”

I'd sooner my body be found tonight
At the bottom of a barrel of cream ale
Than x number of years, days and minutes from now
Face down in an alfalfa patch.

White Bore Society

The Marxist dream
Of the *classless society*
Finds its fullest flowering
In Brutish Columbia
Where the gentlemen dine
In their baseball caps
With their lavishly tattooed ladies.

Lotus Land

You have heard that *experience*
Is the best teacher.
As a lifelong classroom teacher,
Let me move that *up* a notch:
Experience is the *only* teacher!
We seldom remember what we've been *taught*...
But rarely forget what we've *learned*.

Upgrade

APOTHEOSIS

There's something that goes on
At the graveside
That's turning our dead teachers
Into *educators*.

In swallowing pills for my high blood pressure,
I've *reversed* the deal Mom made in Eden:
Eve swapped immortality to get *sex*...
And *I've* given up sex to live a little longer!
What Was I Thinking!?

With Canada's parents--
England and France,
Any award for Good Housekeeping
Stands damned little chance!

The Sweep Of History

If our children are truly
 “Our investment in the Future”,
As the posters in the bank tell us,
 Most indications are that we
Are going to take a bath!

High Rollers

Has it occurred to anyone else
 That maybe God,
Finding Eternal Life a colossal Bore,
 Created life on earth
As the perfect waste of time?

Running on Bored Time

ANTIVENIN TO RUNNING ON BORED TIME

The present moment is as close to Eternity
 As you're ever going to get.
Don't *miss* it!

WHOSE IS MOSES (Exodus 2)

As we hear this tale of a daughter unfold
 Let's not be too quick, Dad, to sputter and scold.
Let us not be narrow,
 But just shrug with the Pharaoh
And make the best of what we are told.

LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL!

Commuters! How can you expect
 To get anywhere today
When *half* of the time
 You're goin' the *other* way?

When "PJ"* challenges "Guns or Butter""
 Our neurotics, deadbeats and pikers
Roar back as One:
 "*Butter!*"

*Respect: What is It And
Where Can I Get Some?*

* "PJ" only in that *unholy*, inner circle. The World knows him as Dr. Paul Joseph Goebbels, Reich's Minister of Propaganda and Public Information.

Jesus tossed all night like a salad
 'til dawn broke into a sweat
Then he stood on his head on his pallet,
 And in flawless Aramaic he said,
 “Ho-o-ly Shit!”
Should you make this discovery too,
 Proclaim it fervently – as devout
As if just like Jesus you *knew*
 What you were talking about!

Verbum Incarnatum Est

So irreplaceable is a mother
 One seldom (if *ever*) wants another.

Nuf's Nuf

Without being rude, try to get a really *close* look
 At the next person who advises you,
“A dog is man's best friend.”*

Did I Hear You Right?

*...or the all-too-common and equally pathetic
“Why Petunia is like one of the *family*!”
 (“Petunia” being *anything* from a cricket in a
matchbox to a 300-pound sow in the living room.)

I think it handsome of Canadians
To want to *share* our democracy
With the rest of the World -
Particularly as we have so *little*
For ourselves!

Dog and Pony Show

The *conservatism* readily identifiable
In me today was built over long years
In close association with *liberals*. Jeezis!
(Please Say You were Joking)

At this point our society's preoccupation
With its Health and Physical Fitness
Has reached the proportions
Of a full-blown neurosis.
Mens Insana In Corpore Sano

Pray to the Lord, but spit to the leeward.

Just To Be On the Safe Side

HELLO, ANARCHISTS!

So after you've got rid of the government,

Who's going to hire all those Canadians

Of no discernible use to any of us?

Like frinstance, our self-dramatizing meteorologists?

I sold the Plan to my Old Man,

And though He thinks it sick,

He has declared that you'll be spared

If I will do my trick.

Easter, 33AD

SIMPLE PROCESS OF ELIMINATION

When her hairless little yap dog
 Is really getting on your nerves,
You might remind its obese owner
 That they were bred to be *hors-d'oeuvres*.

LAY DOWN MOSES (Exodus 16)

As Moses sprawled for a nap,
The tribe elders knocked on his flap,
 “We don't say you've blundered,
 But some of us wondered...
Could we have a look at that map?”

The all-important thing to remember about Death
 Is not to take it personally.

*Three Out Of Three Die,
So Shut Up And Deal*

Where there are airmen in the streets,
There's likely semen in the sheets.
War Measures

Even if you haven't the slightest idea
What page everyone *else* is on,
For Heaven's sake, *don't* stop playing!
The rabble won't know the difference,
And the Learned will assume it's Bach.
Bach Humbug!

Your family genealogy research
Won't amount to a pincha' dung
If when you kiss your granny goodnight...
She nips you and slips you the tongue!
Signs Of The Times

Much to its mother's consternation,
One piglet was born without pigmentation,
A litter pill for her to swallow.
She considered a specialist in New York,
But found her answer in Doctor Spork,
And spread some oink-ment in his wallow.

Pig (Sus scrofa)

Generalizations are *always* risky: f'rinstance
Not *every* female walks like a thoroughbred,
In the same way that not *every* male
Walks like a ...*penguin*.

Perfectly Logical

Chances are that what *should* have happened
To you in high school *didn't*.
And it isn't going to happen to your children
Or to *their* children either.

*Our High Schools; From
Boston Latin to Columbine*

We got over the humps by playing our trumps
And it all went according to Hoyle...
But they collared my pal on the beach at Gilgal,
And *that* went the way of the *moyle*.
Jericho Veteran's Lament

A young lady from Soho named Baxter
Insisted only 'e male relaxed 'er,
So I called up the most o' me Canada Post,
An' wif 'er stamp of approval, I faxed 'er.
Honoured In The Breech

Love may make the world go 'round
And 'round and 'round and 'round...
But its *forward* thrust is powered by *lust*,
Keeping the Race on firmer ground.
Power Thrust

OBSCENE CREED

By my faith in an all-Merciful God, I know
That in that Great Gettin' Up Mawnin'
There will be neither flies nor crows,
Nor dogs nor teenagers.
This I feel in every fibre of my being.

WEAPONS OF MASS DISTRACTION

Probably the *ultimate*
In “viewer discretion”
Is to bury the lot
In some deep depression.

COUNTING YOUR CHICKENS (Joshua 2)

The flowers of manhood the king sent her
In his efforts to quite circumvent her,
But Rahab had eyes
For the Israelite spies
And dreams of a new Rahab centre.

Liberalism is not so much
 A reasoned posture or moral stance
As it is a mental disorder
 Characterized by a grotesque development
Of both Ego and Superego
 With attendant confusion between what *is*
And what the sufferer feels *ought to be*.
Worldwide Cobweb

Hickory-Dickory dock, Jeezis, I'm sick of Bach!
 Bippety-boppity boo, I'm sick of Bach sycophants too!
On Listening to CBC

Surely the *liberal* and the *conservative*
 Are both derivative and deservative.
Tweedledum And Tweedledee

Were it not for Chaucer – so Clio discloses,
We'd still be talking through our noses!
Les Maudits Anglais

As near as I can recall
Circumstances surrounding my conception and birth
Were pretty much those for your average son of God
Except that *my* parents were *married*,
My mom was no virgin...
Oh, and I never *did* get circumcised...
So there's *three* ways right off
You can tell *me* from say, Jesus.
Still Evolving

Cannabis is proof enough
Not only that there *is* a God
But that She loves us.
Puffs Of Grass

If you burp, fart and sneeze
All in the same instant
You will die.

*Schoolyard Medical Lore**

Your *physician* is no more entitled
To be called “Doctor”
Than is t'other end 'o me aunt's cat.
And however sadly, neither is
Your dentist, veterinarian or chiropractor
Any more than your corner grocer,
Or the fella' what laid your carpet...

But Ain't Democracy Grand!

In a mentally stable
And spiritually sound community
There is neither *need* nor *room*
For a “professional”.

Loony Tunes And Fancied Maladies

*We are not making this up. Though hard evidence of an actual death remains a bit sketchy, varying combinations of any *two* were not unusual and unfailingly excited a characteristic nervous bravado in the emitter. ED.

JAWBONES OF ASSES (Judges 15)

Those who have listened to self-righteous bleatings
Or the things that are said at political meetings
 Know that nothing surpasses
 The jawbones of asses
For dispensing insufferable beatings.

KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN

Are teachers whose teaching
 Can be *improved*
By giving them *more* money
 Really the sort of people
We want shaping the moral values of our children?

“L'ENFER, C'EST LES AUTRES”

The problem with most of us
 Is we're just like the rest of us.

Should there be any *doubt*
About the primal character of the human soul,
We have only to consider the words
Our children scrawl in public places.
Sidewalk Documentaries

I try never to pass
An empty liberal
Without tucking a little *something*
In his or her kit.
The Altruist

I'm sure I've heard all I want to about animal
rights. Animals do *not* have rights. You could look
it up: *People* have *rights*; animals have fleas. And
as long as you're so determined to extend our *human*
prerogatives to non-humans, please don't forget those
thousands of onions and radishes languishing even
as we speak in salads and refrigerators around
the Globe.
Respect, Not Worship

REVEREND MEEKE ENTERS ETERNITY

“Who has a claim against me that I must Pay?” (Job 41:11)

His Sunday throng had marched along
The Path the saints had trod,
And came to rest as Meeke addressed
Their One True Christian God:
“My flock and I, O Lord Most High,
Have laboured for this glory,
And rightly stand before Thy hand
For the promise of Thy Story.
We have heard and spread Thy Word
With patience and endurance;
Our work is done and the battle won,
With Victory's assurance;
Long we've toiled with minds unsoiled
In the vineyards of our Saviour,
And rightly wait Thy Kingdom great,
The reward for our behaviour.
Every quirk and evil work
Of Satan we've rejected;
Our wills are bent, our lives are spent,
And we now resurrected.”
God raised Her eyes in mild surprise,
And studied Reverend Meeke.
“And what” She queried , Her visage wearied,
“Are these “quirks” of which you speak?.

“What *have* you done, Our would-be son,
That to Our keeping you aspire?
Our every gift, your life to lift,
You have cast into the fire.”

Meeke's voice trails off in nervous cough,
His denture squeaks and whistles...
He'd fought Life's battle with empty prattle,
Reciting Paul's Epistles.
“For Our sweet look you searched your Book;
In It you sought Salvation--
You quoted lines that damned Our wines...
And chained your liberation!
And this fair bride, now at your side,
I take to be your mate?
--Yet she wears clothes from chin to toes.
If loved, then *what* is *hate*?

We sent Our Son, Our only one,
Our greatest gift to give,
To teach that breath was *not* for Death
--That Life was meant to *live*!
You took His name to spread *your* fame
And, still not satisfied,
You spend you gold on churches cold,
And shut Our Son *outside*.

You spurned the Earth, your place of birth,
And cursed its warmth and treasure:
With Love and Joy We built that toy
To serve Us with your pleasure.

You took Our green and made it mean
And twisted all We gave thee...
You suffered a snake your thoughts to make;
From *that* we cannot save thee...

And now you plead in righteous greed
The reward that We're to pay?
Then leave Our Face for the unholy place...
And *damn* you anyway!"

It is well observed

That tribe with only one drum
must beat s__t out of it.

Hockey, It's Our Game

A Flamingo with a job nine-to-five
Bought a home on Facsimile Drive.

She painted it pink

Then sat down to think

Of a truly original stunt.

Then with chimes on the door,

She completed the decor

Setting three plastic people out front.

My Very Bestiary, "Flamingo"

Say what you like about Hitler,

But a crowded elevator

Smells a whole lot different

To a midget

From what it does to us.

Perspective

Other than those already serving
Long prison terms,
What misanthrope would inflict
upon a helpless newborn
A name like *Horst*?

*Maybe You Sink Ve Haff
No Sense From Humour*

“The governing precept of news reporting
Is simply this: a Cat Five hurricane
Sells a lot more beer
Than a tropical depression.
Lose not a drop in the telling!”

--Barren von Schadenfreude
Keeping Aghast Of The News

The curse upon the married man is *never*
To marry someone like his *daughter*
But *ever* to mate with someone
Exactly like her mother.

It's All Done With Pheromones

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM (Genesis 18)

You thief, you fornicate and lie
At a rate to make the rest of us sigh,
But now here in Sodom
You've surely touched bottom...
And since We hate both the sin *and* the sinner:
Goodbye!

HIT PARADE (I Samuel 18)

As he played at his harp, and Saul's spear
For a second time whizzed by his ear,
David danced away neatly
And cooed ever sweetly,
“Was that something you'd rather not hear?”

In an Age of Busy-ness
God has blessed Canada with a profound
And sweeping *inconsequentiality*
Which has thus far passed unnoticed
As we're very good at hockey.

Northamericanadian Abstract

SURVIVING THE JESUS YEARS

There's a hole in me where God used to be
And for that I blame *Christianity*.

Oh yes! There *is* a God.
It's just that God isn't Who you *think*.
Glad I Could Help

How far back
In the Primate chain
Will the blood of Jesus
Cover our Stain?

Because Cro-Magnon woman
Might have thrown a lay
That would top anything
We've got today!

So, should the pope decide
That she was *human*,
I'll cop a Heavenly ride
On a Cro-Magnon woman!

Homo erectus

There must be at least a thing or two
I could think of to say of the Kinkajou;
 But the more I explore
 Of the Kinkajou lore,
The more I know less than I think I do.

My Very Bestiary, "Kinkajou"

You'll know a Canadian on the street
 As surely one of God's Elite.
It's when Canadians get *organized*
 That they offer so little to be prized.

The People of the Book

Once I got over the idea
 That I was going to make a *difference*,
My life settled down into something
 Really quite worthwhile.

*From Pub To Pulpit
And Back Again*

“Too long has the name Skunk been linked...”
Cried the reformer out over the hollow,
Though his words were not quite de-stinked,
His drift wasn't that hard to follow.
“...with fiction rather than fact,
It's time to clear the air, our civet duty to act!
I propose that we dispose
Of our power to foul this Dominion!”
They closed their convention
With a mournful abstention,
And not a single de-scenting opinion.

Bestiary (Mephitis mephitis)

Twice now I've had to shed a wife
What felt compelled to run me life...
Took the notion that somehow *she*
Stood 'ead and shoulders over dwarfish *me*!
Truth is, as *any* observer might have told' er,
That *either* wife standing on the *other's* shoulder
And *st-retch-in'* 'erself to complete the farce,
Couldn't 'av reached to kiss me arse!

Of Aura And Norma

UNDERLINGS

Only among *heroes* do principles guarantee conduct;
The rest of us are Damnation's marionettes.

On her Special day if you've something to say
That's anything less than *sublime*,
'tis your far better part
To turn it into a fart
And save it for some better time.

Transformations

We like to scrunch up our eyes real tight
And picture black as a shade of *white*!

Chorus of the Homogenizers

When we use the term *prank*
We do *not* intend the length of board
Walked by a Japanese pirate any more
Than when we use the expression *crick*
Do we refer to the sound made by the shutter
On a Japanese camera.

*Let us De-Homogenize and
Celebrate our Differences!*

It is wisely written:

 “It is better to light *one* candle...
Than to curse a dozen Canadian
 Ener-save light bulbs!

Socialist Illuminations

CYBERPHOBE (II Samuel 6)

When the Ark Uzzah tried to support
Yahweh cut his sweet helpfulness short
 And when David protested
 Yahweh wryly suggested
We're just not “Uzzah-friendly, Ol' Sport.”

Imagine the Blessed hush,
 Waking up one morning
To find all the doggies upside down -
 Their paws thrust toward God in prayerful attitude,
And just as hard as andirons.

Cat Lover

Alas! my *epigrams* do not afford me
Much feedback:
So many of my readers don't understand them...
And the ones that *do* aren't speaking to me!
It's A Wrap

The *Echo* System is that Bio-network
By which the lunatic fantasies of Al Bore --
Nobelista and Public Enema #1,
Are spread mouth-to-mouth
Among the nail-biting Mindless.
A Mare Usque Ad Nauseam

In my sorrowful review of human events:
I find to be *common* neither courtesy nor sense!
Turning In My Belly Button

“You *do* that, cat shit,
Before you dot another “i”, or cross another “t”!
“Yes *sir!* ...er, sir, that's *Cratchit*, sir...
“Rat shit, bat shit, *get going!*”
“Yes sir, right away sir!”

*Homogenizers' Candidate for
Shop Steward Come The Revolution!*

Might makes right...
But *mitre* makes *righter!*
Right, Reverend?

Church Hierarchy

'Twixt Jacob's ladder
And Eternal Bliss
There's many ecclesiastikiss!
Right, Reverend?

Church Lowerarchy

THE BALLAD OF JAUNTY HAUNCHES
(MY MOM WAS RUTH BEFORE HELEN WAS READY

The S.O.W. Need not longer trouble you,
As it never has troubled me--
Except to record of these ironing bored,
Their hysterectomy.

Now Olive Drab had the gift of grab,
And a power-mad bitch was she.
With a deep-furrowed brow she founded "SOW"
(For the Status of Women, doncha see!)

Drab picked up her knowledge from community college
And a subscription to some magazine
On social psychology., but without basic biology,
She's left a few gaps in between. So Drab

Calculated that she was created
For things higher than the giving of birth--
Of women she'd render a wholly *new* gender!--
Complete with *unholy* new terms of their worth!

So she targeted the lass of the broad-middle class
With a middle-class broad education--
Something less than bewitchin', and less than *that* in the kitchen,
To take the *men* out of menstruation.

And she gathered this sect of the feckless wrecked
(That's nicely spelled with an "e"),
Comprising whatever dud would eschew the cud
Of raising a family.

She injected the mind of those who combined
 With her own neuroses and fears
With a shot of pure *venomism*, telling them it was “Feminism”,
 To liberate all women! (Loud cheers!)

And to her obsession with male sex aggression
 Came Penny Pure and Multigrain Mary;
Day and night they escaped being lustily raped
 By some revenant Tom, Dick or Harry...

'Til soon neither woman could show much that was human
 Beneath her new title of “Ms.”
And observed Jaunty Haunches of this Supersex-conscious:
 “The problem with Miss *Mizz* is she ain't nothin' but fizz!”

Now Jaunty Haunches was real and, with all its appeal,
 From Mizz Mary she took every trick,
And said she with a wiggle, and her gum-snappin' giggle:
 “Honey, you stay away from *that* sister—she's *sick*!”

And the real women laughed at this artless craft
 Of a whining androphobe she-male;
And they cleaved to the might of their natural right
 To be uncompromisingly *female*.

But neither Penny Pure nor Multigrain Mary
 Could be tempted to any such life
Of joy or of use...for all *sex* was abuse!
 --God forbid being mother or wife!

Their eyes were set forward, and nothing untoward
 Could veer them from Olive Drab's plan,
They pitied real women who took their kids swimmin'
 And came *home* to the arms of a *man*!

They knew all men were brutes, and possessors of roots
Threatening evil of the very worst order;
Men were violent and cruel, and they preyed on the fool
Who was unwittingly sister or daughter.

So they hated their brothers and degenerate others
Who might chance a glance at a bum,
And they vowed that no penis shall ever demean us!
(And their fathers, of course, were just scum.)

All bedrooms and kitchens, the very curtains and shelves
They hated with the vilest protestation--
Of course the *fact* of the matter was they hated themselves--
(Not cheaply comes one's liberation.)

Thus deprived and depraved, these sick and enslaved
Wedded themselves to the Cause--
No love and no marriage—just the total miscarriage
Of the justice of menopause.

Then into the life of the one “would-not-be” wife
Came a *male*!...of impossible *allure*!
He was awkward and gentle, witty, sentimental...
And he redeemed the self-damned Penny Pure

To a life far more simple, and crowned with a *dimple*!
--Such as Drab had never projected!
Penny now leads the life of both mother and wife...
Her femininity now pleasurected.

The attack on her gender she has “returned to sender”
With instructions as to what Olive might do
With her tormented Cause of enforced menopause...
“While I take the kids to the zoo!”

Yes, but what has become of Multigrain Mary?
Is her womanhood now liberated?
Mary shrieks and denies as her womanhood flies...
As last weekend she again demonstrated.

So sisters take heed that your one greatest need
To be *woman* both body and soul,
Can never be fed by the sexually dead--
Nor the half-lives who proclaim themselves whole.

And the S.O.W. need never again trouble you--
As it never has troubled me,
Except to record of the loveless and ignored,
Their own hysterectomy.

MICHAL FOR THE CYCLE (II Samuel 6)

Thought Michal when she saw David dancing,
“I must put an end to his prancing!”
 But the King thought *her* regimen
 Would unduly hedge 'im in...
And he told her he'd stick to free lancing.

WHAT MY MOTHER DIDN'T TELL ME

I guess that corsage I couldn't afford
 That I bought her for the dance,
Was the first thing they got rid of
 When she let a *knuckle-walker* into her pants.

SOME CHOICE!

Whatever is said of choking on one's own gorge,
 Wouldn't it still be preferable
To choking on that of a perfect stranger?

THEOLOGY

Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to *believe!*

Murray, I couldn't even begin to tell you
How much more *sexier* you are in bed
Without that little propeller
On your *yarmulke*.

X-rated

WATCH YOUR MOUTH!

Today in Boys' Sex Ed
Sister said that even when
What we *most* appreciate
Might be the five minutes of quiet,
It's *still* a matter for Confession.

HENCE THE NEW SQUEEZE

Meaghan had a lot of Get-up-and-Go...
Unfortunately, I'm more of a
Lie-down-and-Cum kind of guy.
...and I locked the door behind her.

“DWAYNE”

Show me an astronaut and I'll show you
The year-in and year-out
All-time nerd (or nerdette) -
The kid *everyone* (including all *male* teachers)
Just *loved* to hate.

“Laughter”, my physician gently reminded me,
“Is the second best medicine”.
“*Second* best?” I blinked, “What's first?”
He considered me benevolently for a moment...
Then, with no change in professional demeanor:
“Masturbation.”

The Magic Bullet

Flying *solo*, would a Christian
Repeat the same inanities
They drone in formation
On Sunday mornings?

Sky High

God wisely omitted to rig Woman
With a b---s--t detector,
Knowing that to have done so
Would have seriously compromised
The propagation of the Human species.

Perspicacity

The spiritual difference
Between the cat and dog is this:
When its owner talks to it
The dog thumps its tail on the floor,
The cat just sits quietly appalled.

Telltale Evidence

THIS JUST IN FROM OUR HEAVENLY LEFT

What every thinking democrat really wants
Is to have the NBA lower the baskets enough
To open up slam dunking to dwarfs as well.

FALLEN WOMAN (II Kings 9)

At the foot of the tower she splattered -
And for *queens* decent burial matters...
But what remained of Aunt Jezebel
Was so infinitesimal
That hopes too for a funeral lay shattered.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

“How can you call a *bitch* 'Ralph'?
“Wait! I *know* this one:
-because that's her name?”
“Yeah, but how do you know
Her name is 'Ralph'?
“Why would she lie?”

My dad was as poor as a church mouse,
My stepfather richer than Croesus...

Yet both wound up roomin'
With the very same woman,
Defeating the backfence prognosis!

Poling The Grand Canal

To Proust I never really had a chance to get used,
And Dame Edith Sitwell if you see,
Don't with me.

Badly Bently Clerihews

'Twas not the pope, but Peeping Tom of Coventry
What first uncovered the Wholly See.

Ibid

I have a little nether mouth
 I call professor Hermann
For frequently it lectures me
 In what I *think* is German!
O' plaintive little nether mouth,
 I should call you *Vater* Hermann
As patiently you chasten me
 With your Teuton little sermon.
Riddle of the Sphincter

I haven't met
 The *sheila* yet
I haven't felt inclined to get
 Down under.
Where It's At

My innocence of venomism and venomists
 Came to an abrupt end at St. Androids,
With a perfectly executed song of welcome,
 After which I thought to congratulate them:
"You guys were really *great!*"
 The head bitterbitch snapped at me,
"We're *not* guys, we're *women!*"
 "Oh, as *women*," I modified, "I'm afraid
"You have a long way to go!"
Not All Them Is Says They Is

Having dined with a Tiger and then you
Are invited to do so again you
Should only accept if and when you
Have determined *you're* not on the menu.

Bestiary (Panthera tigris)

Not easy to find
 In *one* man combined
Are the nine-inch root
 With a first-rate mind.

Mens Sana In Corpore Sano

Though marriage be in Heaven tied,
 The knot may come undone
For *compromise* Life won't abide -
 Nor *two* who live “as one”.
Marriage is the practice
 Of those not *sure* of love;
Adultery the act is
 That comes from *up above*.

The Genuine Article

SEALED FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE

J'ever notice what's "New and Improved"
To keep us consumers happy
All goes in
To the *packagin'*
While the *contents* stay just as crappy?

MISSIONARY POSITION

"There you see, Kefty!" affirmed the new minister's
young wife, standing up and brushing the
hay off her skirt, "You don't have to smoke
and drink to have a good time."

THE WRITING ON THE WALL (Daniel 5)

Said Daniel when the king sought *his* version
Of the dining room's ghostly incursion:
"Sire, with deference,
A Shakespearean reference:
One man's Mede is another man's Persian."

The wealthiest phony cannot afford
The *luxury* of the phoneless cord.

*The Great Vowel Movement:
E-Mail, I-Phones and A-Holes*

After breakfast down on the farm
Gramp tucked the Bible under his arm
And perambulated around the back
To set a spell in the little brown shack.
When we noted his Bible was getting thin,
Said Gramp he used it to wipe away sin...
And as this bespoke his *practical* side,
It came to pass when the old man died,
That we hastened him on to Christian Salvation
With a fistful of leaves from Revelation.

Passing Time

There was exceedingly high tension
At the 'lectric eel convention,
And the Amazon was shocked both far and wide,
When a member of the species
Charged the A.C.'s and the D.C.'s
(Currently in power) with having lied.
A counter charge of spreading rumour
Only sparked his sense of humour;
"I'm both positive and negative," he replied.

My Very Bestiary, "Electric Eel"

OI VEH, MARIA!

- CAB: Where to, Ace?
- IZZY: “Ace?” Who's “Ace”? My name is Fenstermaker, Izzy Fenstermaker.
- CAB: Listen, I didn't ax ya what ya name is. I ax ya where ya goin'. Like I know ya ain't goin' ta no St. Patrick's Cathedral!
- IZZY: How do *you* know where I'm not going? I'm not going to a lotta places!---more places than where I *am* going even!
- CAB: Listen, how youse guys gonna get inta heaven if yiz never go to choich or nutin' like dat?
- IZZY: Heaven? I'm not going to heaven. I'm going only over to Fulton Street.
- CAB: See? Youse guys don't know nutin'. I bet youse never even like hoid of da blessed voigin!
- IZZY: The blessed what?
- CAB: Voigin! Voigin! Haven't ya even hoid of da blessed voigin fa Chris' sakes?
- IZZY: Hoid of her? Listen, I'm *married* to one of those! Heaven it soitenly isn't.
- CAB: Yeah? Well you ain't married ta dis here voigin. Dis here's God's mudder.
- IZZY: Oi! First a Son! Now also a Motha!
- CAB: Well sure, Sport!
- IZZY: How do you know that?
- CAB: Because, Ace, da Holy Farter said so.

IZZY: Your Holy Father said that?

CAB: Well sure, Sport. And when He says somethin', it's a mystery.

IZZY: When he said that?

CAB: How should I know? A long time ago.

IZZY: Maybe when he was a little kid. A lot of times people say stuff like that when they're little.

CAB: Naw! Like when He says somethin', it's a matter of fate an' morality. That's how ya know it's true. Like when she went ta heaven, she didn't have ta die or nuttin' foist.

IZZY: She went to heaven without dying? That happened to Elijah!

CAB: Who?

IZZY: The prophet, Elijah!

CAB: Never hoid of him. I never seen dat in no Bible!

IZZY: *You* read the Tenaka?

CAB: Well sure, Ace. Whad'ya tink? I'm ignorant? Like, everybody reads it. Yer Bible is one of yer great all-time books of the westrin world.

IZZY: Of the *western* world? I didn't know that.

CAB: Well *nobody* ever read da whole thing!- Like cover to cover! But I sure know my Bible!

IZZY: I could tell! There's no fooling *you*!

CAB: 'Specially the part about da blessed voigin's assumption...one minute she's just standin' dere like, and da next minute she's goin' up in da air!

IZZY: God's mother, and she had to *walk*! For Elijah, God sent a chariot-- And your holy father saw all this?

CAB: Well, yeah! Well, I don't know if *He* did, but dere's a lotta people seen it!

IZZY: How do you know that?

CAB: 'Cause dat's what transpired, dat's how. An' dere wuz all dese people standin' dere...jus' kinda millin' aroun' like, ya know? It's called her "assumption".

IZZY: It certainly is some assumption! So where is she now?

CAB: How the Hell should I know?

IZZY: All these people an' nobody saw where she went?

CAB: Well dat's da pernt, Ace. She disappeared in da sky.

IZZY: Listen, I been up in a jet plane, 30-35,000 feet; I didn't see anybody. What was she wearink?

CAB: Wearin'! Whad'ya mean, like clothes?

IZZY: Of course, like clothes! What *else* would she be wearink?

CAB: Whadya mean, like a space suit or somepin'? Whut difference does it make what she's wearin'!!

IZZY: A woman goes up in the air with a whole bunch of people standing around... I ask you what she's wearink, and *you* say, "What difference does it make?" Oi!!

CAB: Oh yeah! I could see yer pernt. Well I guess it was one of them whatcha call it? --A smock or somepin'.

IZZY: A smock yet! Oi!

CAB: I didn't say dat! I didn't say it was no smock!--or like dat. It was like a dress...yeah, yeah! A plain blue an' white dress. I seen a picture of her jes' when she got dere.

IZZY: So how long she's up there now?

CAB: How should *I* know? Couple t'ousand years, maybe.

IZZY: A couple of thousand *years*! That dress must have some fabric!! What's she doin' up there?

CAB: What's she doin'? How da Hell do I know? She's jus' kinda standin' dere. Like in dat pitcher. Wit' her foot on a snake.

IZZY: God's mother is standing there for 2000 years, with her foot on a snake! An' nobody gets a chair for her?

CAB: Don't be stoopid, Ace. Where dey gonna get a chair from in Heaven?

IZZY: You know! I never though of that!

CAB: Well sure! Like wit' teeology an' like dat, ya gotta stay on yer toes. It's very sub-till.

IZZY: I should say so! (Pause) Ya' know what I think?

CAB: No. Whadya tink, Sport?

IZZY: I think I'll get out at the next corner. Maybe you should too. Get some fresh air.

TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER

It seems to me an observant E.T.
Watching a human walking the dog,
Would initiate a plan to communicate
With the one *not* holding the bag.

If tooth fairy Cremos displease us,
And Paul just appals us to pieces,
Might we spare Christianity
All its Christi-inanity
And just follow the teachings of Jesus.
A Denarius For Ol' Arius, Guv

Home is not so much
A matter of *where*
As it is a matter of *when* -
Which is why we can
Sometimes get back *there*...
But *never* do we get back *then*.
The Kingdom of Saturday

Throw open your window on Kennel River
Anytime after dusk...or dawn!
Lo! With canine chorus the air is aquiver...
While a soloist is dumping on your lawn.
Local Colour

The swindle begins with the Smegma twins -
Peter and Preston by name,
A sleazy physician and a cheap politician,
And *protection* was the name of their game.
Canada Health Plan

Had I the soul of Rod McKuen
Instead of Beaudelaire
I too might croon some liberal tune
And become a millionaire!
Gliberals of the Whirled, Unite!

THE LONG AND THE SHORT OF IT (Luke 19)

Said Jesus to the self-righteous cries
Of the Crowd so inclined to despise,
 “My plan for this day is
 To have lunch with Zacchaeus,
There's a difference between stature and size.”

When you like somebody “just because”,
 There's a good chance it's *lust*.
When you like someone because
 You feel you *ought* to...
That we choose to call “love”.

XXOOXX

THERE'S STILL HOPE!

The word *ineffable* is almost certain to
 confuse the teenage stud looking over
dating service comments. It simply means
 inexpressible.

Said the tankard to the drunkard,
 “Set me down upon the stair.”
Said the drunkard to the tankard,
 “First let me tashte your ware.”
Said the tinker to the drinker,
 “Shall we wend our way to Soho?”
Said the drinker to the tinker,
 “Thash my hunch', quoth Quasimodo.”
 Tossspots

Canadians *never* lose.
 (We just didn't bring
Our best players.)
 Whine Country

VEGAN VAGUERIES

“Shall I tell you what a vegetarian is?”
 “I *am* a vegetarian!”
“All the more *need*! Say it's the bottom of the ninth,
And you're trailing by one run...
 “Yeah?”
“You've got two men on base, but two outs--”
 “Yeah, so *where* does the vegetarian come in?”
“Right *here*! A *vegetarian* sends up Bugs Bunny
to hit for DiMaggio!”

Frankly, I haven't the slightest interest
In the sexual practices of other persons,
But I *do* find their tiresome advertising
Of their *rights(?)* a tasteless intrusion
Upon *my* privacy.
I don't care if they do it with *chickens*,
I don't want to have to *hear* about it.
And I'm certainly *not* going to the *parade*.
Don We Now Our Gay Apparel

A student who struggled *a main*
To decipher the verse of Verlaine
Slipped from a quay
On the Left Bank one day,
And wound up completely in Seine.
En Passant

Have another toke
As the schoolkids say,
But you'll never puff enough
To make school go away!
The Dispossessed

It's as if God and UCOC*
 Had reached an accord
To be each by the other
 So completely ignored!

**The United Church of Canada*

In UCOC any *idea* would constitute a breach
 In the impenetrable Wall of Open-mindedness.
We Can't Have That!

GULLIBLE TRAVELERS

There is no idea or system of ideas
 So hopelessly hare-brained
That it will not fetch a coin
 In *some* collection plate somewhere.

NIHIL OBSTAT?

From scripture the words that most shame us
In our churches so fat and so famous,
Are these: “I despise
Your capital 'T's
And your solemn assemblies.

Love, Amos

MOTHER, PLEASE! (John 8)

When a sinner was brought, her adultery to own,
Said Jesus, “Let the sinless then cast the first stone,”
And lo! When a brick sailed over His head,
He rolled his eyes to Heaven and said:
“Mother *please!* If you don't mind, I'm working *alone.*”

SIMPLE LOGIC

Nobody being strangled to death ever need fret about
dying alone.

We pinches our noses
And scrinches our eyes
And raises our children
On Orthodox lies.

At Mother's Knee

PLEASE, NO COURSE LANGUAGE!

Worthwhile conversants do not use
Words like *noetic*.
Talk the way you did
Before you went to university!

We would describe as a *sadomasochist*
Anyone who replaces
The family's dead fox terrier
With *another* one!

We Owe Our Neighbours Too!

WHY HIGH SCHOOL ?

It's called *High* school because so many of the
Brighter kids couldn't take it
Unless they were stoned.

Scoffed the bishop who *never* surrenders
To arguments confusing our genders,
 “I'd need a lobotomy
 To stand behind *sodomy*...
Or to *bend* to its ardent defenders!”
Vice Versa

Alas! Power-tripping and pathetic, pathological Paul
 Could make no sense of Jesus at all!
The Church's Infirm Foundation

Alas, 'twere far wiser for me to have spent my tuition
On science rather than superstition.

Catholic College Alumnus

Himmel, Herr Nietzsche,
It's too late I meecha--

Ich vishta, Gott

You'd been my teacher!

*Worthwhile Teachers
And Classroom Dwarfs*

VATICAN II COUNCIL

Sobbed the pope as he gazed 'round the Vatican
While waltzing to *Elvira Madigan*,

“With my church now *inna* pieces

I swear to sweeta Jesus

I don't think I'da ever call *that* again!”

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED
or
A SET OF CHESS PIECES

NOTE: In the *Queen's Gambit*, one of the countless chess openings, *White* offers the Queen Pawn to *Black*—not out of any altruistic impulse, but rather to gain a more favourable position. *Black* may choose either to capture the proffered pawn (Queen's Gambit Accepted), or to ignore it in favour of developing some strategy of his own (Queen's Gambit Declined). Either can be perilous if one acts in ignorance.

I came a crupper when she asked after supper
 If I'd fancy a game of chess.
She offered a table of onyx and sable
 Where this oldest of games might progress.

Did I fathom her drift? Was she making a gift?
 I hardly knew *what* to make *of* it!
When she undid a clasp, and I viewed with a gasp
 A set that an Empress might covet!

Was she offering to play?--or making display
 Of a gift she proposed to make mine?
Such pieces were a treasure, and filled me with pleasure
 That aesthetically approached the divine:

Two full divisions of ample provisions,
 And sculpted to a flawless match!
As I marvelled at such, she then bade me touch
 The soft box with its dear little latch!

Thus she lifted the king and, admiring the thing,
 Now held it aloft to be seen
As ready for action, while to my satisfaction,
 I lovingly fondled a queen.

She turned it this way and that with the purr of a cat,
And after careful appraisal growls she:
“There'll be no need for stretcher for this one-eyed lecher--
He's as able as ever shall be!”

Knowing not what was next, I stood there perplexed
As to the nature of the lady's *largesse*?...
But with no mind to offend her, I leaped on her tender:
“I'll cherish this set every chance that I get...
...To play chess!”

That they'd come to no harm, I tucked them under my arm
As I made ready now to depart...
When her sweet generosity turned to sudden ferocity,
And she sputtered and fumed like a tart!

As to her distress I could venture no guess,
I made my way to the hall;
And, closing the door, I concluded once more
That of women I know nothing at all!

But ladies, if some moral might proceed from this quarrel,
Be it this: you must never engender
A desire for things, be they cabbages or kings,
That you have no mind to surrender...

And chess players take heed that the far greater need
--Far *greater* than what we suppose is
When offered a piece, your fortunes increase
When you accept what the lady proposes!

SADISTIC STATISTICS

Statistically, the difference between you
and *non*-you is negligible!

RISE AND SHINE (John II)

So the guys wouldn't think him stand-offish
Lazarus pitched for the Bethany Crawfish...
 But Laz was thrown off the team
 When in the shower room steam
It was felt that he smelt a bit "offish."

METAMORPHOSIS

Meanwhile, back in the Other Kingdom,
 the Third Person had cleverly disguised Himself
as a pigeon.

No need to deposit it in the closet,
Or under the bed or out in the shed.
It'll be all right there in plain sight...
(So long as it's near a
Good-sized *mirror!*)

Impenetrable Camouflage

Canadian history is a bit of a mystery...
In fact some insist it's *non-existery!*

Long Lost Fukawi Tribe

Whoever thought of inserting Sunday
Between Saturday night
And Monday morning
Has my nomination
For a Nobel Prize.

Due Credit

Come the hour of our mortal extremities
When the Church dispenses its Amen-ities
God spare me “care-givers”
And the priest that delivers
Extreme Unction with its unctuous obscenities.
Last Rights

I love the tang of a summer dawn,
 The quiet innocence of an unspoiled lawn...
 Ere my *bourgeois* neighbours at the ends of leashes
 Venture abroad with their *fouling* pieces.
The Turd World

THE LEFT REVEREND MICHAEL INGHAM

The bishop's book *Mansions*
Has reset the stanchions
And his flag of a new Left unfurled...
But it's in my poor head
That Jesus once said,
“Mike Ingham is not of this world.”

“Christ Almighty, Shitting Iguana!”
Shouted the exasperated track coach
When his front-running semi-finalist
Stopped to assist a fallen competitor,
“You've just blown a great chance
To really *make* something of yourself!”
The Coming Of The White Man

You can't blame God -
He did what she could
To make Eden
A gated community!
Genesis 3:24

The lion is “he,”
The lioness “she,”
Ditto the tiger and tigress;
But as with every good rule,
Unless you're a fool,
It's important to know when to digress.
For instance, the Egret
Is a male; it's no secret;
Yet know help in determining sex, it
Is the female bird too,
So remember at the zoo
That an “egress” is simply the exit.
Bestiary (Egretta alba)

CANDOUR

I have these lengthy conversations with myself at night
 (When everyone else is asleep or having a lot
more fun than I am), which conclude
 more often than not with the realization
that I don't know what I'm talking about.

FROM THIS MOMENT ON

From the moment the preacher pronounces
 “Now you two are one”,
The race is on to determine *which*?

*A LEGEND IN HIS OWN MIND**

Paul's epistles are so full of “*my*”s,
It should come then as no great surprise
 That when he got roughed up,
 He mostly got “puffed up”
Around his capital “I”s.

*Paul: as to your adviso (Col. 4:18) “Don't forget my chains.”
We're not sure where they are. Tim says he hasn't seen
them Could Barney have done something with them?
Have you checked with the Philippians?

Antonyms

Train and Strain

Call Me Anti-Social

The inescapable message on the walls
Of the Cave at Altamira
Is clearly that art school
Is a contradiction in terms.
The Way I See It

For pig-wiggy housekeepers
There is no “away”;
What was set there of old
Is yet there today.
Squatters' Rites

ATTENTION: VETERINARIANS

Sorry, but the fact that you earn your living
Fixing a length of hose to a horse's other end
And blowing tablets up its ass
Does *not* make you a “doctor”;
It's not quite that simple.

Perfect gratitude casteth out attitude.

True Salvation

So I'm not perfect
But I'm perfectly *me*,
Which is all I was ever
Intended to be.

Zaoist Salvation

"Oh Bov'ver," said the Beaver,
Tired out from all her toil.
"Oh Dam!" said her mate,
"Have a dose of Castor Oil."
"This working like a Beaver
Is quite too much for me,"
"My Dear," he said, "You look half dead.
"Go out and eat a tree."
"Yes! Firs are fine! Or a bit of pine
Might spruce me up," said she.
"Just take to aspens and go to bed.
That's the poplar remedy."

Beaver (Castor canadensis)

Learning is strictly an *amateur* sport,
And far too vital to be left
To any random gaggle
Of *professionals*.
You Owe It To Yourself

For almost seventy years now
I've been trying to figure out *exactly*
What our self-styled “freethinkers” are *free* from.
So far I've been able to eliminate
Narrow-mindedness and *assholery*.
It Takes Loonies Too

Many women think that they are beautiful,
But I can only agree with a handful.
That Aesthetic Feeling

Food and Hunger
 Are sister and brother;
They require no blessing,
 They bless one another.

A Zaoist Grace

Strange that so seldom (if *ever*)
 Does it occur to us
That beneath this or that headstone
 May well lie the bones
Of a drunken cheat or wife-beating scumbag...
 -- That rather than mince respectfully *around* it,
We might be better employed in pissing on it?

Behind The Shades

BIBLICAL EXIT

“Jesus!” hissed God through Her teeth
 In a burst of Infinite Relief,
And posting an angel with flaming sword
 Making an end to their free room and board,
“I thought I'd *never* be rid of those a-holes!”

VIRGIN BIRTH ISN'T ALL THAT MUCH FUN

As we look in on the Christs in their sprawling one-room home in the 'burbs of Nazareth, Northern Judea, we find PAPA CHRIST ("Joe") rummaging through the kitchen drawer...

--MARY, his common-law partner, looks up and we hear MARY say:
Bubbalah! For that ya don't need a opener. It's a pop-top.

--Joe! Look! The can is upside down! Bend. Bend your knees.
Squat. Deeper... *That's* it! Now look up:
See the little tab? Underneath the can? *Don't pull it!*
You pull it now, you lose your beer. And I lose my mind!

--First you should stand up straight again. So you could *read* the can...
Without moving your lips, Joe!
It says "beer", "*biere*". That's Canadian for beer.

(Pshttt!)

--That's it! Nobody blows the puck by my Joe!

Just then the kitchen door opens, and in troop JOE and MARY's unmarried sons, looking for a free meal. And we hear MARY ask:

--So Simon, where's Nutcase?

--Jesus, Mom!

--Simon, you'll keep a civil tongue in your head under your father's roof!

--His name is Jesus! He doesn't like to be called "Nutcase".

--Oh, fancy-schmantzy! So where the *Jesus* is he?

--He went up in the air.

--Pardon me?

--He went up in the sky!

--Oh, isn't that nice? Joe, you hear?
Your son went up in the sky now.

--Joe? What d'ya mean, "which one"? There's *only* one sky, Joe. You could get up into it from a whole bunch of different places... Which *son*? Joe, you don't need help with this: Which one isn't here? *Fruitcake*!

--So, Simon, did he happen to leave a ETA?

--Huh?

--Did he happen to say *when* he was coming *back*?

--Oh. Yeah. "Second Coming"!

--...Simon, let me put the question this way:
When is the "*Second Coming*" coming?

--Huh?

--Perhaps this is another of those things we could not fully understand...but I could fully understand *this*:
if this "*Second Coming*" isn't coming any second, he isn't getting any supper!
Now wash your hands, all of you. One at a time.

--Oh, Ma! It takes so long to do it that way!

--Right you are, Simon. Yours you could wash both together. (Nobody blows the puck by my Simon.)

Tune in again next time for more adventures in *Early Christi-inanity*, when we will hear MARY say:

--A carpenter! Joe, you hear? Your son wants to be a *carpenter*! Isn't that *grand*! I could hardly wait to run next door to tell Molly Weinstein! Her *Harvey* is going to *medical school*; *our* son is going to be a *carpenter*!

--You want to be a *carpenter*? That's *wonderful*! Maybe you could get out your tools—you have a little tool box? -- and make your mother a little wooden chair...I could sit down and have a heart attack. A *carpenter*! Or maybe you could make me a little wooden box...they could bury me! A carpenter!

--Why don't you just take one of your chisels and cut out my heart?
I'm only a *mother*!

--Why didn't somebody tell me this *thirty* years ago?
Before I went through a virgin birth.
So my son could be a *carpenter*?
You think virgin birth is *fun*?
I wouldn't wish that on Molly Weinstein next door...(pause).
Yes, I would. I could *kill* her? Medical school?
You want to know something about virgin birth:
For a virgin birth you should get at least – at *least* a dentist!

Amen

PROGRESSIVISM

Our liberal auntie, she`s true blue
Democratic through and through,
Slurps her zoop or slurps her tea
With perfect equanimity.

WEALTH AS A STATE OF MIND

Being rich isn't owning hotels
On *Boardwalk* and *Park Place*.
Being rich is laughin'
On *Baltic* or *Mediterranean*
With \$200.00 in your pocket!

SED QUIS CUSTODIET IPSOS CUSTODES?

You've heard “they always get their man”,
But *thugs* will do *anyone* they can!

COBRA (Naja naja)

If you've quite forgot whether or not
 You've had an affair with a cobra
It's safe to bet you haven't as yet...
 Since it's something you *never* get over.

You're born alone, and you die alone;
 Your cocktail boots are for the in-betweenwhiles.
 Love, God

WHERE OH WHERE THE DINING ROOM TABLE?

Where food becomes “fast”
 Family won't last.

DISCOURAGING STATISTIC

It is reported that 15,000 Canadians
 Are hospitalized annually
For head injuries sustained
 While putting on their trousers.
(We can only hope that these
 are *not* the same ones each year. --ED

APOCALYPSE

In the end there shall be
 Waltzing elephants,
Carolling magpies,
 Feminists in stilettos,
And flashes of wit
 From the Police Academy.

'ROUND AND 'ROUND

Ain't no Heaven,
 An' there ain't no Hell -
All they *is*
 Is the carousel.
Ain't no *wrong*,
 An' there ain't no *right* -
There's but to ride the painted pony
 To the last of the Light.

When our young pastor – fresh out of Bible school
 Heard 16-year-old Emmylou share that she had
Lost her cherry in the sanctuary over Christmas,
 He had the whole congregation down on our knees
Looking for it.

Christian Fellowship

It has fallen to the Prophet
 Kefti Ibn Ira al Babylon
To voice His Holy proscription:
 “Reach under thy kaftan and place
Thy smart phone where it may truly smart!”

Nitwit Network

HOW CUM?

Our astute theologians pronounce
 That our God has no sex,
But reliable sources indicate
 That the Devil *does*...
With *anyone* She wants

GENESIS SIX

I'm sure God *tried* not to love us,
But being God, doncha see...
No matter how hard She might have tried,
That simply couldn't be!

It was plain as a rainbow to Noah,
And he winked mischievously
When he said to Her, "What would You do
If it were not for me?"

STICKS AND STONES

It's where we are most sensitive
That callus develops.

Surrounded by brothers and sisters,
Christmas just wouldn't be Christmas!
Reflections Of An Only Child

DON'T BUY A WORD OF IT!

Those who tell us
 What we want to hear:
These are the ones
 We pronounce “sincere”.

SMOKE AND MIRRORS

If liberalism is, as my dictionary has it:
 “An open receptiveness to new ideas”,
How many “liberals” have *you* met so far?

DE TRINITATE

A Jewish friend of ours disposes of the *Trinity*:
 “Three-in One? That's *oil*, not God!

We incline to think of the Python
As rather short on song...
Rather shorter on musical theory--
But in practice rather long.
Bestiary (Python reticulatus)

TRUTH WILL OUT

So often the things that I've said
"Off the top of my head"
Got a very good start
From the bottom of my heart.

A VISIT TO ST. ANDROID'S

I'll define my own God as I choose
Without benefit of *venomist* cues
From androphobic females
And a variety of *she*-males
Whose thoughts come in sensible shoes.

TURNING PRO (Genesis 32)

Jacob wrestled all night to get free
From a Stranger he couldn't quite see,
 And with the rise of the sun
 When he hoped he had won,
Said the Stranger, "It's two out of three".

I never saw a Haitian.
 I never hope to see one.
But for your inflammation,
 It's vitamin C, then B1.
 Purple Prescription

A PILGRIM'S THANKSGIVING

To Chastity, My Betrothed:
 Ofttimes whilst at masturbation,
 I lust after thee for Inspiration.
 Your Affianced, Praisegod Barebone
(Some things never change. ED.)

WEINERS AND LOSERS

I asked a liberal friend
 If she'd ever had an idea
Of any particular consequence.
 She confessed she'd tried to once
But had to let it go
 Rather than compromise
Her carefully nurtured objectivity.

SETTING IT ALL STRAIGHT

By now most of us have figured out
 That *love* can't be found in a whorehouse,
That *God* hasn't anything to do with church,
 And that *schools* aren't for bright kids, but for dim ones.

APOSTASY

There are no "Chosen People";
 Only chosen *individuals*.
God and I make up
 A majority of *one*.

Mirth and Catastrophe are sister and brother;
But the gods can never remember
Which is the one,
And/or which the other?
Quid Nunc?

You can't really say that you *hate* someone
Until you've *lived* with them.
Practice Makes Perfect

Not that a pigeon
Would care a smidgin,
But for its family escutcheon
We'd suggest a smudgeon.
Bestiary (Columba livia)

NUN TOO SOON

A virile young priest spied a nun just released
From her vow of perpetual purity.
He was quick to record her as a minx out of Order
And further contrived with a surety:

“Here's no time for confession, for such Heavenly concession
Must be honoured at once as a boon.
I shall make my own stand for this bird in my hand,
And she's come not a moment too soon!”

Now the priest on his part, just rebuffed by a tart,
And with no notion of what lay ahead,
Marshaled his guile and every male wile
To coax this fair creature to bed.

“Excuse me, dear lady, but I though perhaps maybe
To your own sinful heart I'd bring Rest.
I'd be most pleased to share such sin as you bear--
And in so doing, we both shall be blessed.”

Yet the light in his eyes led the nun to surmise
That though she had now left the Order,
She still had the goods, and though out of the woods,
There was duty to be paid at the border.

Since left at the House as a wee naked mouse
With nary a tuft of fur,
In the Dark of the cloister was ripened her oyster,
'Til strange passions took possession of her,

And These turned to urges, soon trembling surges
That plunged her down into despair,
'Til aflame at twenty-two, she from the convent withdrew
To seek remedy she knew not where.

Reasoned she, for my treasure I'll exact every pleasure
That this covetous moment is lending.
In that cloister, she reasoned I've been properly seasoned
For some Remedy well-worth the spending!

Since 'tis *I* more distressed, so the more to be blessed,
He must first sate my own seething needs--
And I'll spice the temptation with long hesitation
That shall have him quite squeezing his beads.

"I can't guess what you mean or fancy you've seen...
Nor the nature of your most odd request.
If you've eyes in your head, you might observe instead
The ample innocence of this fulsome breast.

"Madame, I sigh! But the sin we dissever we may dispel forever
Were we simply to draw to one side--
To some comforting bower, perhaps a room in yon' tower?
And there in God's love to abide."

"I cannot think, sir, to what on earth you refer,
When you speak of some 'sin' in my heart.
But if such is the case, it shall withstand embrace...
While you draw your own wife apart!"

"Not so! I can't bear it! If it's *sin* we must share it!
For *I* have no wife, I'm a *priest*!
'Twould be far better rather that you call me 'Father'
'Lest your stains be further increased!"

“O, it's 'Father', is it! How simply exquisite!
With no one to mount but a nun...
Or a tupenny whore on the sacristy floor
Who's stepped in out of God's sun.”

“Madam! How *dare*! And have you no care
For insulting one of God's own?
God's truth to tell, you are flirting with Hell!--”

“Well then, go find a dog for your bone.

“Bah, priest! I can tell that you're horned out of Hell--
That it's *you* stand in need of relief!
Then watch me, you rabbit, as I shed my old habit...
Whilst bringing your 'old sinner' to grief”

“Madam! For what you're revealing, your soul demands healing!
Repent! And I'll do my duty as *priest*!”

“First down on your knees, then cross yourself please..
And give tongue to a lecherous beast!”

With this the priest humbled, and his next words were mumbled,
As he applied himself with devotion,
And performed as was bidden 'til no sins were hidden...
And he fairly drowned in love's potion.

Said she, “If you'd more of what you implore,
Stay where you are there before me...
My geography teaches of its nethermost reaches!
You will remain in those parts 'til you bore me.”

And whether the priest was *ever* released
From this day to that is unknown...
But it's thought that his ghost never gave up its post,
And the night wind still echoes her moan...

I've boarded many a Gospel train,
In the Ozarks as well as the Vatican,
But now I rue 'twas all insane,
I shan't be doing that again!
Been There, Done That

A *tsunami*'s bad news
In open-toed shoes
Get The Pumps Going!

WHAT WOULD JESUS SAY?

A person may be a slope, or even a *schmuck*,
Yet still be capable of preparing
A tasty sandwich.

Some folks say that Hummingbirds
 Hum 'cause they forget the words.
A jewel that hovers near a flower
 Then darts away in high-pitched song...
And at more than seventy miles per hour
 That's really humming right along!
 My Very Bestiary, "Hummingbird"

Marriage *must* be hormonal...
 There's no other explanation.
 Down In Viagra Falls

It has been my dismal portion in life
 To dine each evening with an English Wife.
She dawdles and plays 'til her soup is cold,
 Then toys with her food like a two-year-old...
Unless idle apathy describes your mood,
 Sit down with *Italians* and *enjoy* your food.
 Bon Appetit!

CANADIAN CROWN JEWEL

The *idea* of Self-government
Is on prominent display
But should we move to *touch* it
It's whisked safely away!

KANT-FAIL INTELLIGENCE TEST

To determine the superior *I.Q.*
Between two unknowns:
Take a 4-foot leash and attach
One of the two testees at each end.
Step back and simply observe:
(1) *Which* of the two assumes the lead, and
(2) *Which* follows in solemn procession
with a bag of s—t.

CUMING TO OUR CENSUS

Overpopulation
Suggests
Frivolous
Copulation.

Before espousing *atheism* as one's Life Guide,
Have a care for your newly inherited bedfellows:
Smug, captious, and all this powered by a mind
With the breadth and depth of a bumper sticker.
Ditto Religionists!

If your God fits into a colouring book,
He's far too small for a serious look.
Sunday School

I've never met a man of *any* race
Who was *not* a racist!
(It's just that whites
Have to beat themselves up about it.)

Guilt-Edged

How is it that caring, intelligent women
Are regularly wrestled to the floor
By self-seeking, simian yahoos?
There can be *one* and only one reason:
She *wants* him to win!

It's Nature's Way

The difference between Heaven
And where we are now
Is that the Blessed seek out their *responsibility*
With the same singleness of purpose
That we seek to *avoid* it.

Canajun, Eh?

Oh Oliver, *please* don't think!
You *know* how it upsets you,
And it just infuriates everyone around you.

Disaster!

SNAKEBITE

Best be careful in handling
Your tolerance of Others;
At the core of toleration
Rests a wickedly sharp instrument!

Any and all arguments notwithstanding
The prospect of there being *no* God
Is simply too boring
To be seriously entertained.
Ultima Ratio

Liberal religionists are *most* comfortable
Having *nothing* to believe in;
This keeps their thinking fresh,
And their minds open to new ideas.
Open-Mindedness

FUN HOUSE MIRROR

Rarely, as individuals or collectively,
Are we anywhere near who we affect to be.

Eyes brimming with tears, he pronounced the john
A most perfect egalitarian space,
For what of his predecessor lingered on
Provided no clue as to creed or race.
Now That's Democratic!

It is only little by little
That one observes the boa.
Well after foremost comes middle,
And then a whole lot moa!
Boa Constrictor

OCCASION OF SIN?

From what I am seeing here in the pulpit,
 I regret the need to remind my flock
That in the “passing of the Peace”,
 She must have at least one foot
Remaining on the floor!

I have often wondered
 If I will like people *more*
As I get to know them better?
 --Or is it *always* even less!
 D'Accord, M. Sartre!

Maturity was a bitch;
 I'm sure glad I've outgrown *that!*
 Second Childhood

BETTER A WITTY FOOL

Only the fool
 Who knows himself fool
Is as smart
 As he thinks he is.

DERIVATIONS

As to *where* the words I use come from
 I seek some comfort in *knowing*...
- Especially as I have no idea
 As to *where* in Hell they're going!

KRISIS

J'ever notice that Life presents us
 With one golden opportunity after another
For implementing "Plan B"?

To know that we don't *know*
Is as close as we
Ever come to knowing.

The Ultimate Epistemology

When I was very young
God and I were closer than *Calvin and Hobbes*..
--So close I never realized there were *two* of us,
Until I got to Sunday school
Where they took God away,
And gave me a Jesus colouring book
And a box of crayons.

Big Deal

WHIRLED WITHOUT END

The next voice you hear -
That quiet, unhurried one
In a fleeting moment of sanity
May be your own...
Will you recognize it?

Carefully sidestepping confusion at Hallowe'en,
By the end of the 20th century,
Holy Mother Church had pretty much
Given up the "Ghost".
That's The Sprit!!

SIMPLE ARITHMETIC

If 1 km equals 0.62 miles,
And a nitwit's IQ is but a fraction of itself,
How many counties distant
Might an F-5 tornado fling a storm-chaser?
(Show all work)

CHRISTIANITY AT ITS CROSSROADS

The energy of *fundamentalists* derives
From the resolute integration of their lives,
Hour by hour from day to day, with their beliefs.
Uncommitted to much of anything, the *mainstream*
Must content itself with "playing church" once a week.

P.S. It's twenty-four seven or get off the pot.
Love, God

OF RATIONALSIM AND RATIONALISTS

It doesn't take much of a jerk
To pull the wing off a butterfly.

Most annoying of the world's excrescence
Are flies and dogs and adolescents.

In Rank Order

ALL SAPS' FOIBLES

For most of us an education
Is just another affectation.

I'm old enough to remember
 When the custodian was just a janitor--
Before the garbage man
 Became a Sanitation Engineer...
Back when a sex-trade worker was, well...
 Are We There Yet?

“I've no notion”, declared Ego Stravinsky,
“Where Tchaikovsky leaves off and *I* beginsky!”
 But good sound separation
 Ends all speculation
With an audible *click* of chagrinsky!
 B Flat Trumpet

Only the sane are beset by confusion;
 To the *insane* everything makes perfect sense!
Rationalism is an early stage of lunacy;
 The last stop for our lawyers and logicians
Is the madhouse.
 Through the Looking Glass

ISAIAH 66:13

Were you to meet
 God in the street
Just *what* in your Bible
 Would render you liable
To recognize Her?

PULLING PUNCHES

Whoever it was
 That supplied the names
“Dog” and “bitch”
 For our family *pets*
Certainly wasn't one
 For mincing words!

Strange I never actually *met*
 The woman I've loved all my life
'Til now when I am nearing 80,
 And *she* another man's wife.
 D.M.

HERE TODAY, GONE TOMORROW

When the wolf was at the door,
 Our shepherd skipped across the floor!
What's become of the old-time pastor
 That hatched, matched and dispatched
Each of us from birth -
 Now that for the *new* breed of shepherd
“Upward Mobility” happens here on Earth?

SUNDAY SCHOOL

We are never as close to God again,
 As we were when we were six...
Before
 We slumped into our age of reason,
And were seduced from *innocence*
 (Union with God) to *religion*.

SOMETIMES MY MOM USED TO SAY

“...but *that's* neither here nor there.”
“Mom?”
 “What?”
“Where *is* it then?”
 “Where's *what*?”
“Where's something that's neither *here* nor *there*?”
 “Oh *you* and your damned Jesuits?”

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS...

In a democracy, the *news media*
Is the great moulder of public opinion...
- Just right for those who thrive
On circulating mouldy opinions!

BAD TO WORSE

If anything could be more boring
Than conversing with a drunk,
It would have to be
Conversing with a *reformed* drunk.

RUED AWAKENINGS!

We might have weathered any weather
If only we hadn't tried living together.
(Bewareful, kids!)

READ ALL ABOUT IT!

The six daily editorials in the *NY Times*
Provide for fine cocktail hour discussion,
But there ain't no comics!
This is much too bad. In America,
Elections are *won* or *lost*
In the funny pages!

FIRST PRINCIPLES

Is it possible that *love* happens
Only on an *individual* plane?
- That when we *collect*,
We do so to *exclude* and be *exclusive*?
- That social organization is, in fact,
Anti social?

What I admire about freethinkers is
No matter how *dumb* the stuff they say,
It's always very carefully
Rehearsed.

Duck-Billed Platitudes

SEX EDUCATION?

Today we learned that the proper terms
Are “penis” and “vagina” -
(But are we *mature* enough for this?
It sure doesn't sound right.)

TOO SMART FOR OUR OWN GOOD?

In our present Age of hopeless *infotoxication*
Aren't we manufacturing language recklessly
Ahead of any related ideas?

ACADEMIA NUTS

Seeing comes to us as naturally as breathing.
Study is for them 's just don't get it!
(For these we have classes and courses --
Where, like so many constipated mathematicians,
They can work it all out with a pencil.)

The world's most stunning *promo*
Must be the one that,
In less than 300 years,
Transformed a dead Jewish carpenter
Into the Creator of the Universe!

That's Awful Nicea

A MACHINE FOR MAKING S—T?

I'm not sure how they reckon
The *dog* as “man's best friend”,
If nothing worth a tinker's dam
Proceeds from *either* end?

TCOB

Hope is a debased currency with which losers
Hope to redeem their hopelessly mortgaged lives.
Don't hope, get your ass in gear!

MOBILE

In constant touch
Is far too much.

JUST BETWEEN US

Any vocabulary more than twice our own
Marks a bird of a whole different feather,
But what finally separates Will from us
Was the way he could toss them together!

LIBERALISM

It's not always easy
To distinguish the open-minded
From the empty-headed.

POSEURS

The complete liberal thinkers make no distinction
 Between black and white,
Male or female, straight or gay...
 And then go on to make a *career*
Of their lack of distinction!

EXPERIENCE TEACHES

Experience teaches that the man who insists
 That after all he's no better than the next guy
Is usually right.

I quit giving poetry readings
 When I had to admit to myself
That I didn't really care for the sort
 That attended poetry readings!

*“In The Room The Women
Come and Go”*

When playfulness
 Is taken out of spirituality,
All that's left is
 Religion.

Ecce Homo

Must *everything* we think
 Or say
Have a *meaning*?

Sez Who?

ROOM ENOUGH

There are oceans of space
 In the Human Race
Where one may find perch
 To be smug and be
Smirch...

NARROWING IT DOWN

I'm allergic to dogs.
 There's something in their fur
That gives me a bad reaction.
 I think it's the dog.

DELERIOUS

Are you for a single moment supposin'
 That that sheet of TP you just blew your nose in
Isn't gloating in triumphant glee,
 “Wow! What *luck* and it's happened to *me!*”

EPA

I like taking the early morning air -
 Before my neighbours are stirring
And getting into some serious exhalation.

SUMMING UP

No less than you have a right
 To be what you are,
Do I have the right
 To laugh.

“No way!” cried Jerome in exasperation
With the very last book in his Vulgate translation,
 “‘There's no way to put *that* in
 Understandable Latin!’”
(He was referring to John's *Revelation*.)

And We All Say Amen!

As much as I have enjoyed my life,
 Never for a single moment
Have I found it *indispensable*.
 Nor do I now.

Exit Laughing

RECESSIONAL

...and now comrades, homogenizers, and
victims all, as we leave the hall, let us join hands
as we circle always to the left, lifting our hearts and
voices in that stout Ovine Chorus,

*A La Main Left
Of Our Senses We're Bereft*

A PRAYER TO ERATO

*O Muse! Without Whom never heart was won,
Nourish these fashionings of Thy son
To such delicate filaments as by spiders spun,
So fragile of form, so exquisitely done
As to part like mist with the touch of sun;
But with each moon's journey new begun
Bid them lace their fingers each in one,
And joined in mirthful Mischief run
Riot through her dreams.*

*O Muse, do so employ Thy Art
As to make fitful Sleep within her heart,
That when she wakes she may impart
To me the spices of her hair,
And elfin mysteries that linger there,
Cradled sipping in ear's wee cup
That upon such fragrance I might sup,
And come to know each history
As bequeaths its kiss to me:
Hints of meadows and ginger roots,
Of bumble bees in golden boots,
Of velvet puss with folded knees
Asleep in catnip reveries,
Of country kitchens and baking bread,
Of the ghosts of promises left unsaid--
Like prayers unuttered and gone to bed,
Or swallows in hollows on soundless wings
Like the butterfly's waltz in the halls of kings--
Of a thousand, a million gossamer things...
These weave with fancies, hers and mine,
And with nimblest fingers do entwine
Each intricate strand with which her dreams
Be woven with my noonday schemes.
And this I ask of Thee, O Muse,
That in these, her dreams, our hearts may fuse;
That when she wakes, she then may choose
This son, whom Thou must not refuse.*

ENVOI

Speak without emphasizing your words. Leave other people to discover what you have said; and as their minds are slow, you can make your escape in time.

Artie Schopenhauer, Counsels And Maxims

DAVID KELLUM, born and raised in New York, became A Canadian citizen in 1973. Having taught at Teachers College Columbia, and at the University of Alberta where he was cited as one of the most effective instructors in Canadian universities, Dr. Kellum turned from the classroom to full-time writing.

In 1976 his first novel, *THE FALLING WORLD OF TRISTRAM POCKET*, was short-listed as one of the nine best new novels in Canada. There followed a Senior Literary Arts grant from the Canada Council, and a turn to dramatic literature.

His first play, *MORNING BELONGS TO COLUMBUS*. Won Third Prize in the Alberta open playwriting competition, and his second comedy, *MEN UNDER ARMS*, took First Prize in the Edmonton Journal one-act playwriting competition in 1975.

Ever in search of the *living line* — that aesthetic flourish that may turn up almost anywhere — in the hanging of Monday's wash, in the drawings of Zen masters and children, or unfolding in the phrase of a clarinet with breathtaking irregularity, David now devotes himself to that most modest of literary marvels, the *epigram*.

A recovering academic, he lives with his 90-year-old aunt Alma in Powell River, B.C.

